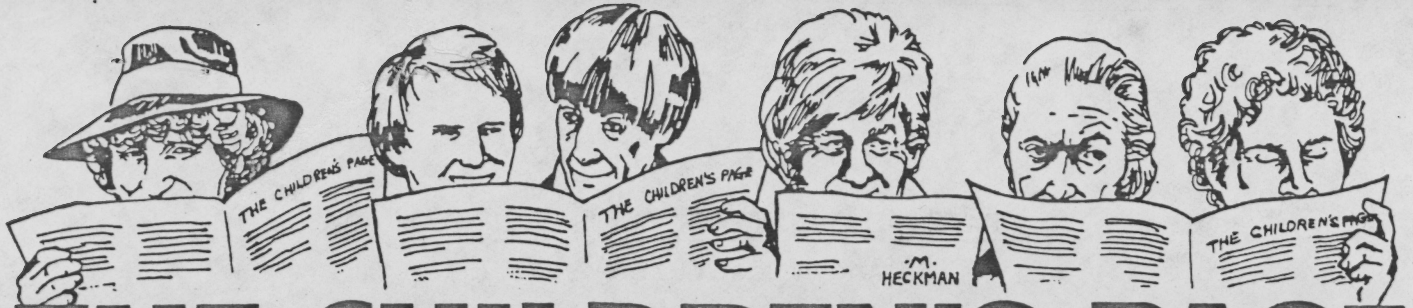

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Newsletter of The UnEarthly Children February 1988

DICTATORS DAY CELEBRATION FOR ALL UEC MEMBERS

(Otherwise known as the monthly get together)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20 4 pm til 11 pm

Dictators Day Celebration will be held at the house of Dave Smith, Dictator-In-Charge. At 4 pm the festivities begin, programming for the meeting includes videos, filk singing, Blake's Seven trivia contest and there will also be goodies to be eaten. Please call Pat or Dave to let them know what you are bringing. If you have any suggestions to add to the fun please call either Pat Betz at 215-364-1314 or Dave Smith at 609-883-8613.

Directions to Dictator Dave's house:

PA DIRECTIONS:

Take I-95 North go over Scudders Falls Bridge into New Jersey. Continue on I-95 North until you reach exit 2. Get off I-95 North and take Exit 2 which takes you to Route 579. Continue straight on Route 579 until you see a road on the left, please make left turn onto this road. Continue down this road until you see a small sign that says Southfork at Ewing, you will be making a left turn into this complex. When driving through the complex note that Dave's place should be the fifth exit on the right. (Please note that there are little signs at the end of the building, Dave's section will be marked 1501-1700) Dave's Apartment number is 1511. Dave's street address is 1511 Scenic Dr.

NJ DIRECTIONS:

Take 295 North until it merges with 206 and continue on 206 North while following signs to get to 295 North. When you get back on 295 North you will stay on it. Note that 295 North turns into I-95 South stay on it until reach Exit 2 which is Route 579. From this point you follow the same directions as listed in the PA directions.
**If you have any questions about directions please call either Pat Betz at 215-364-1314 or Dave Smith at 609-883-8613.

WANTED! PRESIDENTS-OF-THE-MONTH! CALL PAT OR DAVE !!!!!

FANZINE FANATICS WANTS YOU

(And Vice Versa)

Fanzine Fanatics is a self-ruling, separate club in a corner of the UEC Tardis. It is open to everyone in any local club. We want it to be a special treat we can do for all of fellow fans.

These are our commandments:

1. Our membership fee is either the donation of a zine ($10.00 or greater value) from Doctor Who, Blake's 7, Star Trek, or Star Trek the Next Generation (there will be zines on that sooner or later, probably sooner) or $10.00 one time (hopefully) fee. If however you have a very good zine from another part of the Sci Fi Universe please contact the "Fanatic-in-Chief" of our Confederation for its consideration.

2. You may take the zine for 1 (one) month (thats 4 weeks folks) at a cost of .50¢ per month. If you are a long distance member borrowing by mail feel free to keep the zine(s) for 6 weeks to include mailing time. Postage will be the responsibility of the member and sent back with the zine.

3. Zines will be returned on time! There is a surcharge of .75¢ per month for <u>every</u> late zine. This also applies to zines borrowed by mail. Since the Fanatics are paying the cost to mail the zine to you if the refund to the Confederation cash box does not come back with the zine the late fee will be applied to the refund.

4. The zines are the property of all of the fanatics. It is necessary for every zine to be returned in the same terrific condition which it left the Fanatic-in-Chiefs trusting hands. It the zine is damaged you will be responsible for it replacement (or repair, if possible). Please keep in mind there are not many fanzine repairmen in the Delaware Valley.

5. Please keep in mind some zines are adults and are even "X" Rated. You must provide proof of age. -Sorry Kids-

(Only 5 commandments since we're not a Supreme Being)

Fanzine Fanatics hopes to see you all. The zines will come to all the meetings. Since we're all fanatics this group needs your input we're small but we'll grow if you let us.

Any questions, comments, suggestions, requests please call or write Pat Betz (temporary Fanatic-in-Chief) or Liz Berg (Asylum Escapee) at 215-364-1314 (PB) or 215-638-7718 (LB) or write to UnEarthly Children, Attention: Fanzine Fanatics, PO Box 642, Richboro, PA 18964.

THE DOCTOR'S RETURN

by Joe Sewell

CH. 4 - THE MASTER'S SECRET

The Doctor entered the room, the Master behind him, his shrinking device aimed at his back. Inside the room a plastic bubble reclined on the wall, its side lined with various wires and tubes. The plastic was only slightly transparent, but it was clear to both Time Lords that Colonel Andred was inside, apparently unharmed but unconscious.

The Master broke the tense silence. "It seems the Cybermen have gained a cruel streak from their meetings with you, old friend." That term made the Doctor cringe, since indeed his worst enemy was once a good friend. The Master continued. "It was fortunate for them that I was ... that I joined their cause. Behold, Doctor, a Time Lord's torture chamber." With this the Master moved toward a control console, his attention still on the Doctor, his arm still holding his weapon. The Master operated several controls, and the cocoon began to glow. The screams from inside told the Doctor that his friend had been given quite a rude awakening. Through the semi-transparent plastic the Doctor could almost make out the flashes of artificial lightning lashing out at the young Time Lord within.

The "demonstration" lasted for several minutes, at the end of which the Master deactivated the device. The cocoon became dark to the point that the Doctor could not see inside it. This situation was remedied when the Master threw a switch near one side of the cocoon. The bubble opened, revealing a man unconscious yet again. The Time Lord was no longer young, however. His clothes tattered and smoldering, they still looked like they no longer fit well. Indeed they didn't, for the body inside was of a much older man than the one who had summoned the Doctor and his wife out of their retirement to combat the combined forces of his three greatest enemies. Yet, it was Andred.

"Forced regeneration, Doctor," the Master interjected. "The machine is designed to precisely damage a Time Lord's body nearly to the point of death, at which time our own physiologies take over. Oh, it took quite an amount of computation to fine-tune it so it wouldn't kill instantly. I think, though, my two experiments with it have been quite successful."

"Two?!" the Doctor said, hoping against hope he did not know who the other experiment was. His worst fears were confirmed, however, when the Master pointed to a screen behind the Doctor's back. The woman on the screen was also unconscious, but still apparently alive. Her face and figure were rounder, fuller. Her hair was now a dark brown, shoulder length crown on her head, but the clothes were one of two indicators (the other being that unknown way Time Lords can recognize each other even after a regeneration has occurred) that the woman was Romana!

The Master approached behind the Doctor, his weapon still

drawn, as though his arm had never moved. "Your darling wife came through her ordeal far better than your friend there, Doctor. I wonder how she will take another treatment?"

At this the Doctor spun around and landed a fierce chop on his adversary's gun hand. The sheer force of the Venusian Aikido move was enough to wrench the gun from his hand, but the Doctor noted that the arm was indeed made of tougher stuff than he anticipated. Grimacing with pain he nonetheless managed to stomp on the shrinking gun, breaking the internal workings into several unrepairable pieces. The Doctor turned, grabbed Andred's now frail body, and bolted from the room. The form of the Master moved as if to pursue him, but stopped short. He stood motionless for several seconds, then turned and walked back into the control room. He operated the scanner-on control. The only response was a dark screen with a slightly lighter shape in the foreground, followed by a rasping voice. "No, my servant. You are needed to lead our troops to Gallifrey." The screen blanked, and the Master directed his TARDIS toward his home planet. Almost as an afterthought he directed a group of Daleks on board to search for the two escaped prisoners.

The Doctor roamed the corridors of his enemy's TARDIS with the old man who was Andred. Several times Andred wanted to get his old friend to return to his TARDIS and let him, with still several regenerations left, continue the search for the third member of their party, but every time he saw that angry look in the Doctor's face, he quietly turned away and continued on as fast as his new body could carry him. Being an old man physically, Andred was forced to make frequent rest stops, and the Doctor stayed with him, ever anxious to find his beloved Time Lady. After the third rest stop in an hour, Andred was sent back to the Doctor's TARDIS while the Doctor continued on.

The Doctor cautiously strode through corridor after corridor, searching for the room he had memorized from the viewscreen, the room that held the regenerated body of his wife. Anger and desperation, though, many times override caution, as the Doctor was about to find out. He passed an intersecting hall and was about to continue on when he felt a metal hand pull him violently into the intersecting corridor. He was about to lash out with the Venusian martial art he had used frequently during his third incarnation when the metal arm pushed him against the side of the wall. In the darkness of the hall the passing Dalek patrol took no notice of the Time Lord nor his strange rescuer. The Doctor felt the arm taken away from his chest, and he turned to his rescuer, whispering, "You are rather friendly for a Cyberman, aren't you?" But the Cyber-rescuer was gone. After checking to ensure the Daleks had safely passed by, he continued his search, this time more attentive to any sound his ears could pick up.

The Master had finished his communique to the Supreme Dalek, the Cyber-Leader, and the Sontaran fleet commander instructing them of the invasion plans. He then set his TARDIS in motion, making sure not to dematerialize so that his troops could follow. This done, he glanced at a chronometer on the console. "Time to recharge again. Blast this body." Operating a lever on the console, a section of the control room wall slid away, revealing a room with a strange table at its center and electrical generators around the walls. The Master turned a switch near the foot of the table, sat down on the table, and reclined. When he had fully laid down the

machinery surrounding the table began to hum. His body was bathed in a slight glow.

The Master slept. As he slept, he dreamt. He dreamt of his early life on Gallifrey, of the fun he and his best friend used to have, of the mischief he would cause, many times with his friend's help. In his dream time passed quickly. He saw himself change. He saw his friend change, too. He was dressed very formally, almost like a dandy. His hair was fluffy and white. He had become the Doctor, his worst enemy. This was the Doctor and the Master as they had first met after both had left Gallifrey. Time continued to pass in this vision, and the Master envisioned himself in the shell of a body that was his last incarnation, the end of his dozen regenerations. He saw himself merge with Tremas of Traken, stealing his body, usurping his will. Then he saw the end of that body as well. He experienced once again the pain caused by the reawakening of Tremas' psyche within their shared body, desperately trying to free itself from the Master's grip. Despite the Master's once-indomitable will, Tremas reversed the merging, and the two separated. Tremas, an ancient man himself, died instantly. The master had been returned to the burnt-out husk of himself that he had been when he first attempted to take over Traken. He saw himself that he had been when he first attempted to take over Traken. He saw himself retreat to his TARDIS, desperately searching for the key that would allow him continued existence.

In his slumber he imagined the mysterious one. He saw his unknown benefactor cloaked as himself, in black, for that is how he had always seen him. The being lifted the dying shell of the Time Lord and carried him off. The Master once again experienced his first glimmer of consciousness after the ordeal. He could feel that the body he was now inside was more powerful than he could have ever imagined. He heard the voice inside his head, demanding subservience for the price of the new body. He felt again the pain the other inflicted when he arrogantly refused, and he again felt the relief when the pain stopped with his vow of loyalty. His dream showed him the surroundings of his salvation ... a room filled with the best cyber-technology, Sontaran cloning equipment, and Dalek machinery which once turned humans into Daleks, modified to implant the soul of a Time Lord into a hybrid body, a cross between Cyberman and cloned Gallifreyan.

As the Doctor searched for Romana, Andred took up another search ... the search for the familiar police box that brought the trio to the Master's TARDIS. After shuffling down a flight of stairs he was able to dimly recognize the corridor he now entered. He could just barely remember that this was the way to the TARDIS. He froze in his tracks as a Cyberman appeared in front of him. Realizing that his now aged body had no hope of overcoming such a creature, his first thought was to attempt to flee. He whirled to see the Dalek search party approaching. Looking frantically, the newly regenerated Time Lord realized there was no escape. He turned back toward the Cyberman and noticed it frantically motioning toward him. Andred cautiously approached the silvery figure, which quickly seized his hand in a cold grip, firm but deceptively gentle for a Cyberman, and dragged him down the corridor. Andred felt himself quickly tiring, but gave one final burst of speed when he saw the blue shape in front of him. The Cyberman produced an oddly-shaped key, fitted it into the door lock and turned. The TARDIS doors

opened, and the two figures raced inside. The doors closed just as the Dalek patrol came into view.

Inside the more pleasant control room Andred could just stop and stare at the metallic man. Surely Cybermen wouldn't spare a Time Lord. Then he noticed that the creature was a bit shorter than he had imagined his kind to be. His doubts that this was indeed a Cyberman were confirmed when two hands lifted a fake Cyber-mask from the head of a young woman. She placed the helmet on top of the stationary central column and looked about in wonderment. Andred could just barely hear her ask herself where the scanner was. Obligingly the Time Lord moved toward the control and activated the viewscreen. The two witnessed the Daleks move past the police box and continue their search down the corridor. They both stood there, realizing how lucky they had been to reach the safety of the TARDIS. Andred noticed that the woman couldn't have been older than her early 20's. Her reddish-brown hair flowed freely down the back of the Cyberman shell she wore. Her eyes shown both the curiosity of a little girl and an intelligence that would rival his own, indeed perhaps even the Doctor. Without a word she gathered her flowing hair up and fitted the helmet about her head again. After making sure it was secure she went to the TARDIS doors and attempted to open them. Realizing that they would not open by pushing at them, she turned once again to the aging Andred, who opened the doors for her. The ersatz Cyberwoman walked out of the TARDIS and down the corridor from which they had come earlier.

The Master awoke, refreshed, from his recharge/sleep to the sound of failure from his Dalek patrol. "Dalek commander reporting. The Doctor and his com-panions have not been located."

"Well FIND THEM!" the Master roared. He turned off the communications channel just as the pain inside his head began again, only this time it wasn't a dream. The voice inside his head seemed to echo inside his organic-metal skull.

"YOU HAVE FAILED ME AGAIN, SERVANT!" The Master winced in pain at the volume and tone of the voice. The voice grew softer, but perhaps even more firm. "You were supposed to be my second in command, my figurehead leader, so I would not have to enter the fray myself. Useless, bumbling fool!" The Master began to defend himself, trying to keep his anger down, when the voice continued on. "Go to the cell housing the woman Time Lord and lock yourself in with her. I am taking charge personally." The Master tried feebly to resist the command, but felt his manufactured body respond almost against his will. Realizing he could not fight it, he walked out of the control room, headed for the cell now occupied by Romana. As he left the room the controls began moving of their own accord, almost as if an invisible hand operated them.

Next Month: Chapter 5
"Who is the Commander?"

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Doctor Who and related material (c) 1986 BBC
England
Previously printed in Who's News from Memphis, Tennessee

SCORPIO V WRITER'S PANEL - PART 3

This was taped by Pat and Dave, so you will be reading exactly what was said.

Richard CARPENTER: When you finish a script, I don't know about Terry, but it's always a marvelous sense of achievement. You get in the car and you drive and day is suddenly much brighter, the people look nicer (mild laughter) and you think "I can actually take a couple of days off! I can meet some friends, maybe go to the theater, or go see a movie or even watch *television*. Before then, it's like having a child! You're really wound up in it to such an extent that you can't do anything else. You become totally unbearable to your family.

Terry Nation: Absolutely.

Richard: A writer's wife is a being of remarkable qualities. She has all of the qualities of patience and understanding and ... everything. I am extremely fortunate in my wife because she understands writing to the point that she can help me with stories and script edits, almost script edits scripts before they go in to the producer. So I'm very lucky. And it's nice for her too because then we're not cut off from each other in the same way that a wife who *doesn't* understand about writing or drama or anything might be cut off.

Terry: I must tell you a story about that because when I was doing a series called "Survivors" it was essentially about how people continued to live after a tremendous global catastrophe. And what I was so interested in was ... I don't know enough about gardening. I mean, I can go out and buy a packet of seeds and ... things like that. I had a big house in the country and it had a big garden and I said "I really want to know about this, we must get some geese." And then I'd go back upstairs. The next time I come back down, there was six geese. I said "we gotta have chickens!" My wife went out and got chickens. I said "we've got to start growing things!" So she was out laboring in the fields. So she worked through that scene and all *I* did was sit in a room and type! (scattered laughter) Surrounded by all these animals, goats and sheep, cows and everything!

Richard: (smiling) That's *marvelous*! Absolutely wonderful!

Terry: At the end of the series she said, "the next show you do, it's going to be about this married couple who live on a luxury yacht! (strong laughter and applause from everyone, including Richard) So yes, they are remarkable people. Tom (Beck), you had your hand up for such a long time!

Question (Beck): I'd like to ask both of you, from a professional point of view, how do you really deal with a deadline when you've got twenty pages to do in one day and there's screaming from the staff room, how do you go about it?

Terry: Well, the first thing you do is panic!

Richard: I do a bit of lying, actually! (chuckles) I used to realize that I can't do it the next day, you know, the twenty pages are just *beyond* me! So I ring them up and I say, "Look. I haven't been able to do anything for the last couple of days because I had a migraine (pronounced mēē-grāne) yesterday, I was in bed all day and various sort of things have sort of impinged on my writing, so could we make it Friday instead of Tuesday?" And then *usually*, because I tend to work for the same people, my producer is my partner, he says "okay", you know, but obviously, if you've got a deadline where there's people sitting around and waiting, you've got more than one person waiting, then you've just got to stay up all night and do it.

Terry: I haven't stayed up all night for a long, long time because I can believe that you can do in a day what you can do in twenty-four hours. You don't get any *better* ...

Richard: No you don't.

Terry: ... By staying up all night and doing it.

Richard: You just stay down until you're writing "the ... the ... the ..." (laughter)

Terry: And it's *not* ... work until eight o'clock and then go to bed and get up early and start the next day, get a good night's sleep. And if you panic... You see there are a lot of other people, even if you're on the set, and the show is running, there are other people and you say "Okay" then find a way to shoot around them. You use your technical expertise. "I will get that script to you as soon as humanly possible." So you have rescheduled them slightly, it changed things. Sometimes it's expensive, but once in a while we fail, and we've got to be allowed to fail once in a while. I don't remember ever doing it... I do remember when I was doing "Dr. Who"... I called Terry Dicks and I said "Listen, the script is going to be late because, last night, I broke my ankle and my house burned down!" (mild laughter) And it was all true. (louder laughter)

Richard: Your house burned down?

Terry: A large room burned out, yes.

Richard: So did mine!

Terry: Did it? (laughs with audience)

Richard: Mine was true too. My producer didn't believe me, so I said "let's have a production meeting in my house." (chuckles) And we went in and we walked up the stairs and sat out and there was nothing! There was just the sky, telegraph poles from the roofs of other houses! And you had to be very careful where you walked otherwise you fell through into the room below and everything was black! Then he said "I get the point." (laughter)

Terry: This is a side story about producers. It's a story about Frank Capra, who used to make wonderful, romantic sensitive

films and the press always said "this movie has really got the 'Capra Touch'!" And Capra use to indeed promote this and say "I will give this show the 'Capra Touch'." The writer who worked with him got so sick of it one day and he went over with two hundred blank pages and threw them on Frank Capra's desk and said "Now put the 'Capra Touch' on that, you S.O.B. (laughter) And it's true, you see. A lot of people forget the words were there before the directors' meeting and the directors are recognized, especially in movies, but the writer was always there first. Tom, does that cover your question?

Tom: Absolutely. Thank you.

Terry: You choose somebody! (to Richard)

Question: As a writer, doing things for television, to what extent are the directors and producers and backers the enemy? (laughter) To what extent do they interfere?

Richard: If you get that situation, you've got a very bad working relationship. You must work as a team with these people. If you've imagined witnessing "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" for the first time, it's never been written before, and you ring up the producer, you say "I've written a show called 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' and I've finished it." You send the script in and the producer rings you up and it usually goes like this: He says "It's great! It's wonderful! I *love* it! I *love* it to *death*! I think it's wonderful!" And then there's a long pause and he says, "But I'm not too happy about the title." You say "What's wrong with the title?" And he says, "Well, do we have to have *seven* dwarfs? (laughter) Could we have *two*?" And "Could they be married?" (laughter) "And I don't like the name 'Snow White' because it sounds like a packet of detergent. (chuckle) So could we call her 'Beryl'?" And you say, "So you want to call it 'Beryl and the Two Dwarfs'? Or 'Beryl and Mr. and Mrs. Dwarf'?" (laughter) And that sounds nice.

Terry: Or maybe not have dwarfs at all!

Richard: That's right, they'll probably get rid of the dwarfs because, you know, you're talking about things we don't want... And so it goes on and eventually, they go through the script, with a bad producer, they will tear the thing to pieces and you will be doing rewrites so that you eventually finish up with a script that bears no relation with your original script and then they say "This is a load of crap!" Then you say, "How about that script I sent in *originally*?" They say, "That's a load of crap as well!" So you can't really win. The only thing to do is not play games with producers or anybody like that but to work together. Fortunately, I'm sure it's true with Terry, we tend to work with reasonable human beings, who can sometimes be quite creative. They can come up with ideas which are extremely useful. I've had several from directors who have set me to thinking about characters and situations for the characters that have grown into whole *sequences* for scripts. So this idea of "this is involved!" That "This is my script and don't you dare change a word!" I think that you would be a very foolish scriptwriter who did that. What you've got to do is fight for the things that really count and let them have a few of the little ones.

Terry: That's right.

(Audience: "I remember hearing a horror story about doing a children's show in which a particular village was not allowed to carry guns because that was too violent. On the other hand, there was a cannon that blew away half the village and that was fine.")

Terry: That sounds possible.

Richard: Yes.

Question: One thing I noticed. You've mentioned about "you know the ending in advance." I've noticed in a lot of British medium, something important will happen and they treat it like everything else! In the American Medium, in fact they do it on "Macgiver" many times, they will point out something that's missing or something he (is) going to use and ... "This little item is important, now guess what he's going to do with it." But when the problem comes up, you've already figured out the solution before he puts it together.

Terry: That's exactly what you (Richard) were saying earlier that if the writer knows it well in advance then sure as hell the *audience* knows it well in advance! But with "Macgiver" it's difficult because it's suppose to be a scientific thing and it's just as when all of those items happen to be available to him at that moment. So it's a very tough show to write every week. You can't get away with it.

Richard: And anything that we say is there to be broken. There are no rules in writing. There are no real rules. In fact, the person who can break the most rules and still come up with a story that is entertaining and all the rest of it, it's great! There's nothing inviolate. It's just the way that I happen to work. I work that particular way. Other people work a different way. Some people work from the back of the script forward. They create the end *first*! Some people find a title and then write a script. Some people write the middle "A" scene between six characters in the *middle* of the script and then write outwards to the front and the back. Everybody's got their own methods. Some people use a pencil. Some people use a word processor. Some people use ink. Some people use a typewriter. We all have quirky things. I bet Terry has a very quirky thing that he always does.

Terry: I don't want to get into that now! (laughter)

Richard: You know, every writer's different!

(Audience: "In the British medium, they tend to tell the story more as you would read it!")

Terry: The *narrative* form. I think we both work with very strong narratives. We take a story from A to Z and ... I like that. I like my storytelling in the *old* form, but it is a story. It progresses nicely and it comes up to a cliff-hanger and it comes to *another* cliff-hanger and then it comes to the big one! I think that's true of a lot of British writing. With "Macgiver", and I *did* have some experience on it, you never knew what the hell we were doing with that show, *truly*. And it wasn't well written. It was a piece done by committee. And somebody asked earlier, and this is *American* television, not *British* television, because I *absolutely* agree with ... writing a book when you make a T.V. show. But

when I was working on "Macgiver", I had so many masters. I had Paramount, on the one hand, worrying about the budget. I had two executive directors. I had two executive *producers*. I had two *more* producers. Then I had five *other* producers. Then we had the *network*! Then they had *standards* and *practices*! And *all* of these people came in and in and in, and you *never* got the script done! I mean, you really were changing it, changing it all the time. Finally, it was a script by committee and I didn't think they were very good. The fact that the *best* made work is generally when you have a tremendously powerful producer who has the guts to go in and bat for you and say "*This* is the way we're going to do it!" He says that to the *network*, he says that to the *studio*. Steve Bochco, I think his name is, is doing a show called "L.A. Law". He's a *powerful* producer! He's strong and he says what he wants. So the main answer *here* (in the U.S.) is to get power. Have a number of big shows, big successes under your trail, then you've got the power to go in and fight. But I think that it'd be very safe to say we need that good producer to go in and fight those battles for us. We'll deal with him and *he* will be on our side. And if he likes us, we like him, then let him go and fight with the BBC or the network or whoever it is.

Richard: That's *very* true.

Terry: Take the burden off of *us*.

Richard: Absolutely. One hundred percent.

Terry: There's a lady who's had her hand up there for a long time!

Question: In the continuing series of "Blake's 7" how much of it did you know was going to happen...

Terry: Nothing. Nothing. I *knew* the first three episodes were *establishing*, showing how we got into the situation, and I didn't know from one week to the *next* where they would be going, ever.

Richard: Yes?

Question: Going back to what you were saying about the tons of people in American Television I was going to ask you what the differences were ... working with the BBC and working with American (T.V.)

Terry: It is all the difference in the world, absolutely incredible difference. At the BBC I could go and see the head of series, and it was never a problem to get in and see him, tell him an idea, and if he was intrigued he would say "go away and try one." And that would be done. And then if they liked *that* ... I think with "Blake's 7", they said "go away and do this to the first (show)." And he *rang* me before I got home, in fact, he left a message and said "you are on the air. You will do all thirteen." Now that never happens in America.

Richard: See, we write *series* here, in England, I think that's what gives them their unity, in a sense. Writers actually write *series*! If you wrote a series in America, a whole series in America, you'd be a multi, multi millionaire. But you'd have to have, as Terry says, *enormous* power before you did that. It's a marvelous thing to be able to write a whole series because then the *concept* just follows right the way through. We have script editors to keep the thing in line when you've got about eight or nine writers, and if the script editor is good, he will pull the whole thing into line. But very good script editors are rare aren't they?

Terry: Utterly, yes.

Richard: You could count them on the fingers of one mutilated *hand*. (laughter) Yes.

Question: Both of you have created a series that, when the series went off the air, left gaping holes and questions as to where the characters were and where they were going to go and how thing(s) that were brought up were going to be resolved. How do you feel about the fact that so many things are left unresolved and do *you* have any intentions of resolving them in any way, shape or *form*?

Richard: If you didn't write the last episode of "Blake's 7", then Terry can't be responsible for any gaping holes! (bursts of laughter) I *can* be totally responsible for the gaping holes, or rather the unresolved things in my series, and the reason is quite simple. We were told that we were doing a *fourth* series. If I had known, for instance, that we weren't doing a fourth series, I'd have finished the third series with Robin and Marion marrying and that would be the walk down... They'd all put the pretty costumes on and there'd be a nice walk down, as it were, and you could wrap it all up! But because I was lead to believe we were doing a fourth series, Judy Trout said she wanted to come out of the show and only be in two or three episodes of the fourth series so we put her on cold storage by sticking her in a nunnery! And the other things like Gisbourne being Robin's half-brother was to be resolved in the first double episode of the fourth series. If you want, I could actually tell you how we were going to do it. (mild laughter) But then, when you get into that situation and they say "No, were sorry. We're *not* going to do a fourth series," you've really left everybody high and dry, including the writer, and including the fans, and there's no way you can *resolve* it. Now, the last part of your question, we *are* doing a feature film. We are not attempting to resolve any of those points because a feature film is different from a television series. A feature film must exist on it's own. People who have never watched "Robin of Sherwood" must be able to go and see that feature film and be able to understand every frame! If there are curious and strange little reference points in it, they're going to think "What the hell is this? Oh, it's a television spinoff!" So that will exist, as it were, out of the series. If, in the best of all possible worlds, the show catches on enough for people to invest in it again, then we'll do a fourth series and *all* those things will be tied up because we've got a whole list of them. And they will be tied up! Obviously, they have to be.

THE END

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Last spring, it came to my attention that a fannish dealer on the West Coast was making and selling copies of my fanzines (B7 Complex) without my permission. I wrote to the dealer, whom I knew through B7 fandom, and included a SASE for a reply to my offer to allow her to represent my zines legitimately on the West Coast. I never received a reply. Recently (this fall), I learned that she was still selling my zines, duplicated without my permission, as well as several other zines for which she had no reproduction or sale rights. Many of the zines she's copying and selling without permission are in print and available legitimately, at cheaper prices and higher quality from the editors/publishers. So why are people buying zines from this dealer? The answer is, in part, a lack of information. So here are some facts:

1. The name of the dealer in question is Bonnie Vitti. She deals a wide range of merchandise, and only the zines listed below are being identified as illegal merchandise; the remainder of her stock may well be legitimate. She may not be the only dealer selling illicitly reproduced zines; she is the only dealer I know of at this time selling illicitly reproduced zines.

2. Among the unauthorized zines that she's selling, several of them are still in print, and available by mail from the editor/publisher who originated them. Bonnie has not requested, nor has she been granted, reproduction rights for any of these listed zines. For more information, send a SASE to the editor for ordering information:

   B7 Complex: Deb Walsh, 346 Ferry Street #3, Malden, MA 02148
   Forbidden Zone: Fantasea Press, P.O. Box 397, Midlothian, IL 60445
   Southern Seven, Southern Lights, Last Stand at the Edge of the World:
   Ann Wortham, 1402 Allison Ave., Altamonte Springs, FL 32701.
   Strategies: The Federation Press Corps, P.O. Box 027, Dellslow, WV 26531.

Why should you, as a fan, purchase a "legitimate" zine versus a "bootleg" zine? Not least of the many reasons, bootlegging is stealing. It diverts income from the person who made the initial investment to create the fanzine (the editor or publisher) into the pocket of someone who has done nothing more than to purchase a zine, take it apart, and copy it to make a profit. There are some who consider this "artistic rape," a misuse of someone else's efforts and talent. Diverting the income from zine sales away from the originating editor can also mean that the editor or publisher does not break even on producing a zine -- it can mean personal financial crisis for the editor/publisher (zine publishing is a very expensive hobby, especially if someone else is reaping the rewards!), and if there are no funds to put into subsequent issues, it can mean that a zine may be forced to close down. This has happened in other fandoms; there is no reason why it must happen in B7 fandom. Certainly if an editor cannot sell all the copies of a zine he or she has printed, there's little argument to convince him or her to produce more zines with the next issue, or even to produce a next issue at all.

Buying bootleg zines is not necessary in most cases -- there are lots of Blake's 7 zines in print right now, easily available from the editor who put them together. Purchasing a zine from an editor is not just a way to get a zine legitimately, at the best price and in the best condition, it's also a vote for the fanzine -- and purchasing directly from the editor casts your vote that you want that zine to continue. Purchasing zines from authorized sources -- e.g., the originating editor/publisher -- really is supporting your local fandom.

So the message of this statement is please help us keep Blake's 7 fandom alive and flourishing by boycotting bootleg zine dealers. If you want to purchase zines at cons instead of by mail, drop the editor a note (don't forget a SASE) asking what cons their zines will be available at, and who will be selling them. If you need information on how to order zines not listed here, contact your local club, or drop me (Deb Walsh) a line, with a SASE, with your information request. And remember -- for the zines listed above, Bonnie Vitti is not, has never been, and never will be an authorized agent.

FRESH FROM THE B.B.C. TO LEND A HELPING HAND

by

Wendy D. Atkinson

Through many galaxies the Doctor's traveled
Even an alternate universe or two
But what if he transversed the networks...?

In the 25'th century he'd find:
Buck Rogers only too happy to use the TARDIS:
To prevent the nuclear wipeout
And somehow, keep Wilma mad Twikki too

Then back to the 23'rd
To get the Enterprise out of trouble
But despite this, he's reminded;
On this ship, only Bones is the real McCoy!

Off to the other side of the galaxy
He goes to lend a temporal hand
Galactica and Co.'s engine's need reworking
Short-term TARDiSes they become...
And STAR TREK's next generation gets suprise guest stars!

The Sea Devils are at it again:
For now they've stolen SEAVIEW
But the Doctor's enlisted a seaworthy chap;
The Man From Atlantis will gladly help!

After solving Dr. David Banner's hulkish problem
The Doctor takes Ralph and Bill for a trip
Mr. H., gets another instruction book for his suit
And gets to visit Wonder Woman for advice

The TARDIS has a slight navigational malfunction
Everyone who watches Doc knows THAT
But the "space-family" Robinson didn't:
So they hitched a ride anyway...

Together they traversed the Outer Limits
After that, even Ork looked good!
So the Robinsons and Smith left the Doctor,
And the latter went to Earth to visit Mork!

While spending 20 minutes in the future
The TARDIS circuits were infiltrated...
It was only Max, who told the Doctor:
There wasn't enough headroom in there!

Through other TV shows the Doctor simply passed
Alf, he took to Space 1999 and back
But the problem came when he hit the CVE-
Instead of E-Space, he got the Twilight Zone instead!

With a switch he tried to cross the galaxy,
But wound up 'cross the ocean instead
With the Tomorrow People he helped solve-
The problem of the Tripods!

But the real switch came when he returned to B.B.C. 1
Back to the future he sped
Picked up Cally, Gan and Jenna
And arrived right before Blake too, was dead!

Isn't nice to be a renagade Time Lord with a TARDIS?
To go anywhen in or out of space
Just to solve EVERYbody's problems
And leave them with a smile on each face!

CONVENTIION DATES

CREATION CONVENTIONS PRESENT SYLVESTER McCOY'S FIRST APPEARANCE AT A FAN CONVENTION - February 27-28 - NEW YORK CITY
PENTA HOTEL 33rd & 7th Ave-across the street from Penn Station. Tickets will be available thru Ticketron and thru Creation at 145 Jerichó Turnpike, Mineola, NY 11501; for further info call (516)746-9626.

RELAXICON - MAY 1, 1988 -Trenton, NJ - War Memorial Building - 11 AM - 7 PM
Scheduled Guest is Sophie Aldred, the new companion, Ace, pending filming schedule. Tickets are $12.50 in advance, $15.00 at the door. Enclose a SASE and send to RELAXICON, PO Box 3373, Bethlehem, PA 18017

SCORPIO VI - August 5-7 - Hyatt Oak Brook in Oakbrook, IL Don't be among the missing because you did not send for your membership in time, they are about half sold out already. Membership is $40 and can be obtained by sending check or MO payable to Nancy Kolar and mailed to Scorpio VI, PO Box 397, Midlothian, IL 60445. Be sure to include a business size SASE. If you wish to travel with a great bunch of other fans from this area and also pay group rates, contact Linda Anne Lineaweaver at (609)887-3464.

FURTHER CONVENTION INFO CAN BE OBTAINED FROM DAVE (609) 883-8613 OR PAT (215) 364-1314

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The UnEarthly Children is a non-profit fan club founded by Cecily Chambers and Amy Sutter in April, 1984. We are a charter chapter of DWFCA, dedicated to the enjoyment of Doctor WHO. We are pledged to support Public Television. The Children's Page is the most always monthly publication of the UEC. Contents (c) 1987. All rights reserved, except as reassigned to respective contributors. Nothing is the newsletter may be reprinted without permission of the publisher and creator. THis is a non profit fan publication and is not intended to infringe upon the copyrights of the BBC or anyone else. Dues to the UEC are $6 to join and $5 to renew. Dictators-in-Charge, Pat Betz (215)364-1314, Dave Smith (609)883-8613: Minister-in-Charge-of-Propaganda, Dorrie Sillman (215)357-7245. Further info can be obtained by writing THE UEC, PO Box 642, Richboro, PA 18954.

UNEARTHLY CHILDREN

P.O. Box 642
Richboro, PA 18954

Karen 11/88
Ave.
Audobon, NJ 08106